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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE COLLOQUIAL LANGUAGE OF THE ROMANS.

MR. EDITOR,

In page 535 of your 83d Number, you allude to an opinion held by many, that the colloquial language of ancient Rome was a mere vulgar idiom, and that classical Latin, as handed down to us in the works of poets and historians, was, in fact, an artificial arrangement. I believe, Sir, that I have read all, or nearly all, that has been written upon that subject; but there are one or two facts, not yet noticed, that seem to deserve insertion in the *Literary Gazette*. In the first place, it is clear that the Roman language could not at once start into the elegance of the Augustan age: wherefore some difference must always have existed between the colloquial idiom, and the written language; this must be admitted by the advocates on both sides of the question, so that the extent of the difference becomes the point of debate. Now, Sir, it is difficult to believe that the Roman people in speaking, could put a verb through all its tenses, or perhaps a noun through all its cases: besides, we find many irregular verbs that had not got their final polish when Rome began to decline in arts and in arms; and if we form any opinion respecting the early Latin, from words that still appear in their original roughness, such as *duntaxat*, and many other adverbs, it surely appears probable that much artificial refinement must have taken place. But it has been urged, that it was impossible for two languages, if at all distinct, to be in existence at the same time amongst the same people! That difficulty, however, falls to the ground, when we read Hume's England, Robertson's America, Gillies's Greece, &c. and recollect that the writers of these, as well as many of their readers and judicious admirers, actually spoke, and do still speak, the broad Scotch Patois of our mutual Saxon ancestors.

This solves the paradox.

Yours, &c.
UNUS.

"CONFESSIONS OF FREDERIC OF PRUSSIA."

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,
The notice of those "*Confessions*" (as they have been *new-named*) in your Number for May 9—and my letter (in that of June 6) detective of the *mistake* respecting their supposed originality—have, it seems, excited some curiosity: and I have been urged
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by several of my acquaintance to realise my idea of revising and republishing my translation of them.—In compliance with their wishes, I now send you a portion of it, revised and amended, so that it may, in fact, be considered as a new translation; the former having been very hastily executed.—If you deem this specimen worthy of admission into the columns of your entertaining miscellany, I intend to supply the remaining four chapters, revised and amended in like manner.

But let me first recall to the recollection of your readers the information given in my preceding letter, that the printed French original, now in my possession—bearing the date of 1766, and entitled, "*Entretiens sur l'Art de régner, divisés en cinq Soirées*"—was presented to me, in 1789, by a Prussian officer, who, without pronouncing it either genuine or spurious, simply informed me that it had been secretly printed at Berlin, and that the government had made diligent exertion to suppress it.

With respect to my translation, I own that it is not so strictly literal as that anonymous one, from which the extracts were published in your Number of May 9. But neither did I intend a literal version. I chose, in preference, that other more free and liberal style of translation, in which we aim at the *sense and spirit*, rather than the *exact words*, of our author; and study to express his *ideas* in such phraseology as we may suppose that he would himself have adopted, if he had originally written in our language.

I now proceed to the "*Confessions*" themselves, after having previously observed, that I henceforward renounce that new-coined title—and subscribed myself,
Sir,

Your humble Servant,
and constant Reader,

JOHN CAREY.

West Square, August 10.

ROYAL EVENING CONVERSATIONS,

OR

LESSONS ON THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

(Attributed to Frederic III. of Prussia, as addressed to his Nephew and Heir apparent, afterward Frederic IV.)

EVENING I.

Origin of our Family.

During the ages of disorder and confusion, the germ of a new description of sovereignty began to develop itself amid the barbarous nations of Europe. The governors of different countries shook off the yoke of subjection; and, having soon become sufficiently powerful to intimidate their masters, they obtained certain privileges; or, to speak more correctly, they

gained possession of the soil, by the empty formality of touching it with their bended knee.

Among the number of those bold and enterprising usurpers, were several, who laid the foundations of the greatest monarchies: and perhaps, if the point were thoroughly investigated, it would be found that the present emperors, kings, and sovereign princes, are all indebted to *them* for the rank which they now enjoy. As to our family in particular, we do undoubtedly stand in that predicament.

You blush?—Go!—I excuse you, this time: but never let me again see you guilty of similar puerility!—Learn, once for all, that, where a crown is the prize, we are to snatch it when we can: and the wearer is never in the wrong, except when compelled to resign it.

The first of our ancestors who acquired the rights of sovereignty, was Tassillon, count of Hohenzollern. The thirteenth of his descendants was burgrave of Nuremberg: the twenty-fifth was elector of Brandenburg; and the thirty-seventh was king of Prussia.

In our family, as in others, has occasionally appeared the Achilles, the Nestor, the Cicero, the drivelling idiot, the sluggish drone, the learned lady, the step-dame, and, beyond all doubt, the woman of gallantry. At length it aggrandised itself by the assertion of rights which are never acknowledged except in those fortunate princes who possess the advantage of superior might: for, in the line of succession in our house, we find those of expediency, reversion, and protection. From the time of Tassillon, to that of the Great Elector, our family did no more than barely vegetate.

There were in the Empire fifty different princes, who could in no wise be considered as our inferiors; and our house, properly speaking, was nothing more than one of the numerous stars in the great Germanic constellation.* But William the Great, by his brilliant achievements, exalted us above our fellows; and at length, in the year 1701, (no very ancient transaction, you see) vanity placed the regal diadem on my grandfather's head. It is from that period that we are to date our real stability; since it was then that we became fully competent to cope with kings, and to treat on a footing of equality with every power upon earth.

If we sum up the virtues of our ancestors, we shall readily discover that it is not to

* A curious metaphor in the original—"une branche du grand lustre d'Allemagne"—"a branch of the great Germanic lustre," or chandelier!—I have ventured to substitute a "*constellation*," but leave the reader at liberty to choose between the *stars* and the *candles*.

their advantageous qualifications that our house owes its aggrandisement. The majority of our princely progenitors conducted themselves unwisely: but chance and favorable circumstances happily concurred in promoting our interests.—Let me further observe to you, that the first diadem, of which our house can boast, was placed on a head infected with superlative vanity and levity, and a body at once crook-backed, and disfigured with additional distortion.

I evidently perceive, my dear nephew, that I leave you still unsatisfied respecting our origin. Well! that same count of Hohenzollern (it is said) was a personage of high extraction; though, in fact, no man ever forced his way to fortune with more slender pretensions than he. On the whole, however, our claims to unquestionable gentility have now been long enough established:† so, let us e'en keep to our present ground.

Situation of my Kingdom.

In this particular, I am not one of the most fortunate princes. To be convinced of the truth of my assertion, only cast your eye over the map; and you will at once perceive the major part of my dominions to lie so unconnected, that the different members cannot afford each other mutual aid in cases of emergency. I have no great rivers flowing through my states: there are, indeed, some which wash the boundaries of my territory, but few that intersect it.

Soil of my States.

One full third part of my dominions lies waste and uncultivated: another third is covered with forests, lakes,‡ and morasses; and the remainder, which is in a state of cultivation, produces neither the grape, nor the olive, nor the mulberry. It is only by persevering labor and attention that fruits and culinary vegetables are raised in the country; and but few of these attain to real perfection. I have some districts, however, which produce rye and wheat that are held in tolerable estimation.

Manners of the Inhabitants.

On this head, I cannot speak with any degree of precision; my states resembling a piece of patchwork composed of various dissimilar shreds. The only certain information I can give you on this point, is, that my subjects in general are brave and hardy; not much addicted to epicurism, but immoderately fond of the glass; tyrants on their own estates, but slaves in my service; insipid lovers; morose husbands; possessing a wonderful portion of *sang-froid*, which, however, I conceive to be, at bottom, no other than sheer stupidity; deeply read in the law; little given to philosophy, less to oratory, and still less to poetry; affecting great simplicity in dress, and considering themselves as quite fine,

† “Il y a assez de tems que nous sommes très bons gentilshommes.”

‡ “Rivers,” in the original—by mistake, no doubt.

when equipped with a small bag to their hair, an enormous hat, yard-long ruffles,§ boots reaching up to their waist,§ a diminutive cane, a very short coat, and a very long waistcoat.

With respect to the married women—they are constantly pregnant or nursing: they possess great sweetness of character, are of a domestic disposition, and not deficient in conjugal fidelity. As to the unmarried females, they are allowed to enjoy all the benefit of the fashionable doctrines: and so far am I from being displeased at the circumstance, that I have endeavoured, in my “*Memoirs*,” to palliate and excuse their frailties. It is absolutely necessary that the poor souls should be set free from restraint, lest they be driven to adopt measures for their own security, which would prove prejudicial to the state. Nay, the better to encourage them, I am ever attentive, in my regimental appointments, to give a decided preference to the offspring of their amours: and, if the father happen to be an officer, I give the youth a pair of colors, and, often, raise him to a higher grade, before his turn.

(Evening II. in our next.)

§ “Des manchettes d'une aune, des bottes jusqu'à la ceinture.”

MODERN GREEK LITERATURE.

The following extract of a letter from the learned Greek, Diam. Koray, in Paris, to the editor of a German literary journal, contains some interesting particulars respecting a nation which is become doubly interesting to England, since so close a connexion has been formed by the Protectorate of the Ionian Islands:—

“The progress of education and instruction among my countrymen becomes every day more and more remarkable, and is accelerated in such a degree, that all apprehension of a relaxation in this respect must be wholly dispelled. For these last 30 years I have unceasingly observed them, though indeed always with a secret uneasiness, which was caused by the conduct of some wretched pedants, as these learned gentlemen, perceiving that they were in danger of losing the reputation they had long enjoyed, united all their efforts in order, after the manner of the 13th century, to decry every kind of reform in the studies. But most happily for our nation, the oldest, and consequently the most incorrigible of these literati, have been successively carried off by the scythe of death. Of their few remaining scholars, some have been reduced to silence, without however ceasing to exhibit from time to time some faint signs of life; others have chanted a kind of *Palinode*, rather equivocal it is true, but which cannot fail to promote the good cause.

Our literary journal, called *The Learned Hermes* (Λογιος Ἑρμης), will have enabled you to judge of the progress of my nation; particularly by the notices of translations of works of every description, which are

continually made, and by the information which it gives of the present condition of our high schools.

Of these schools the most distinguished are the Gymnasia at Smyrna, at Kydonios, and in the island of Chios. In the Number for November last year (1817,) you have probably remarked an article on the present state of Smyrna. The author of this article is M. Oikonomos, a very meritorious Professor of Philology in the Gymnasium of that city. M. Koumas, who lectures there on the Sciences, was obliged to retire for a short time, but will not delay to return very shortly. This latter is the author of the letter addressed to his Colleagues, which is in the December number of the same year. From the details which this letter contains respecting the Greeks at Odessa, he further seeks to prove our regeneration.

Perhaps you may remember what I have said in my *Prolegomena to Plutarch's Lives* (vol. 5th,) respecting the funds which the inhabitants of the Island of Chios had set apart for the purchase of books, to form a public library. They have now at a great expence erected a building for the reception of this library. This constitutes a remarkable and honourable epoch in the history of modern Greece, since it proves that the desire of knowledge is becoming a serious passion. Shall I adduce another proof of this passion? A young man, recommended to me by the Professor at Kydonios, has been now for a quarter of a year in Paris, whither he came for the sole purpose of learning the art of printing of the celebrated Firmin Didot. At first sight this appears to be a very simple and ordinary occurrence, but there is something in it which excites surprise, when we reflect that it happens at a time when we should hardly expect a press to be required among us; that the affair originates in Kydonios, a little town opposite the Island of Lesbos, and which may contain from 8 to 10,000 inhabitants; and lastly, that the whole is undertaken at the expence of a single inhabitant of that town:

Now I am speaking of Kydonios, I must mention another circumstance, which is an additional proof that the desire of intellectual improvement is generally spreading among us; even the fair sex have become sensible of the advantages to be derived from education. The sister of the Professor at Kydonios, a young lady of 18 years of age (her name is Eriantia) acquaints me in her last letter, that she has completed a translation of Fenelon's *Essay on the Education of Young Women*. Among your countrymen this would be indeed a trifle; but among us, and in our present situation, it is a real wonder. “The blind see again, and the lame walk.” And as we have again the use of our limbs, we must hope that our sight will become more and more acute, and our march more independent and rapid.

Another wonder, Sir, and I conclude, not because I fear to abuse your curiosity, but because I must not over exert my

strength. The Demogoronti, or superiors of the congregation at Chios, have lately resolved in a meeting, at which the Bishop presided, that in future no person shall enter into the clerical profession, unless the Gymnasium find him worthy. Two things are to be remarked upon this important decision: first, that the congregation has felt the necessity of having an enlightened clergyman; and, secondly, that it is the Bishop himself, who, that this resolution may be irrevocable, gives his own consent to renounce, as we may say, his rights in favour of the Professors of the Gymnasium. This venerable prelate is a native of Chios, and the sacrifice which he makes to his country, is a proof of his sense and of his rare virtues.

Besides the infirmities attendant on my age, I am afflicted by many sorrows, the greatest of which is that of surviving my best friends. You have probably heard of the death of M. Clavier: only two volumes of his Pausanias are published. M. Courier gives us hopes that he will continue it.

Paris, February 3, 1818.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Morier's Second Journey through Persia, &c.
London 1818. 4to.

(Continued.)

What we have related are by no means solitary instances of Persian policy;—the capricious barbarism of a despotic government is a ruling principle, and the only wonder is that any people can be found so besotted as to endure it. Our ensuing extracts will not only illustrate this position, but many minor features.

On the 7th of April, when the Embassy reached Shiraz, they were welcomed honourably, and remained there some time, during which Mr. Morier took an opportunity of revisiting Persepolis, and other gentlemen of exploring different parts of the surrounding country. The most interesting portion of the ruins of Persepolis, in point of sculptured detail, is the front of the staircase which leads to the great hall of columns. Of these Mr. M. sent a quantity to England; but his greatest discovery seems to have been the commencement of the arrow-headed inscription, the termination of which Le Bruyn has given in his drawings; so if ever this character should be deciphered, we should have the whole of the inscription.

Both Le Bruyn and Chardin have only given one line of figures on the left of the staircase;—Mr. M. fortunately dug out a second row highly preserved,

The details of whose faces, hair, dresses, arms, and general character, seemed but as the work of yesterday. The faces of all the figures to the right of the staircase are

mutilated, which must be attributed to the bigotry of the first Mussulmen who invaded Persia; those of the newly discovered figures are quite perfect, which shews that they must have been covered before the Saracen invasion: the nicety of their preservation would lead one to suppose that they had been so protected for many ages before that invasion.

Though interrupted in his excavations by the jealousy of the Persians, the whole of the author's proceedings in this quarter are of the deepest interest to the antiquarian. When he got into the Northern provinces, his inquiries in this way are perhaps still more curious. His observations on *Hamadan* confirms the opinions of *D'Anville* and *Rennel*, that this place occupies the site of the ancient *Ecbatana*, and that the mountain of *Alwend* is the *Orontes* of ancient geography:—

The situation of Hamadan, so much unlike that of other Persian cities, would of itself be sufficient to establish its claim to a remote origin, considering the propensities of the ancients to build their cities on elevated positions. Ispahan, Shiraz, Teheran, Tabriz, Khoi, are all built upon plains; but Hamadan occupies a great diversity of surface, and, like Rome and Constantinople, can enumerate the hills over which it is spread. ———

Its locality agrees with that of *Ecbatana*, according to Polybius and Herodotus; and on a steep declivity of the mountain of Alwend, are to be seen two tablets, each of which is divided into three longitudinal compartments, inscribed with the arrow-headed character of Persepolis. These inscriptions are called by the Persians, *Genj nameh*, or tales of a treasure. But a more important fact, connected with this subject, is thus related:—

Another monument of positive antiquity, we discovered casually in exploring the Northern skirts of the city. It consists of the base of a small column, of the identical order of the larger bases of the columns at Persepolis, and appears to be of the same sort of stone. This led to a discovery of some importance; for adjacent to this fragment is a large but irregular terrace or platform, evidently the work of art, and perhaps the ground plan of some great building; of the remains of which its soil must be the repository. The situation of this spot agrees with that which Polybius (lib. x. 24) would assign to the Palace of the Kings of Persia, which he says was below the citadel. Now the position of the ruins of the modern castle, which is most likely the site of that of the ancient, is much more elevated than the platform, and sufficiently near for the latter to be below the former.

This we have little doubt is the site where Alexander slew Parmenio, and

where Hephestion died. Would not such a place reward the labours of an intelligent people more than Pompeii or Herculaneum? To our minds it would furnish as interesting grounds for research as Persepolis itself, where

Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen fired another Troy.

Of Mahomedan antiquities (says Mr. M.) Hamadan contains a great variety, consisting of sepulchral stones, towers, old mosques, old bazars, and Cufic inscription which are met with at every turn. The burial place of Avicenna is to be seen here. We were overwhelmed by Arsacean and Sassanian coins, which are found in great quantities at Hamadan, as well as at a village three fursungs off; and we also got several intaglios on cornelian, and numerous Mahomedan talismans. One cylindrical stone with Persepolitan figures and characters upon it, fell into our hands; and several coins of the Seleucides were brought to us, but none of them rare or of remarkably good preservation. Upon the whole we found that Hamadan presented more objects of research to the antiquary than any other city we had visited in Persia; and there is every probability that excavations, particularly on the site of what I suppose to be the ancient palaces of the Kings, would lead to valuable discoveries.

Great light is thrown upon the celebrated march of the Ten Thousand, in other parts of Mr. Morier's tour; but as we must not dwell too long on antiquities, we return at one stride to our days, when the Persians are as much astonished at the sight of an Englishman's wig, as their ancestors would have been when Darius was defeated. We shall select a few notices illustrative of modern manners.

The Mehmandar at Shiraz treated the Embassy with

A concert, performed by four musicians; one of whom played on the Kamounché; a second sang, fanning his mouth with a piece of paper to aid the undulations of his voice; the third was a tambourine player; and the last beat two little drums placed on the ground before him.

A whimsical picture of these, the best musicians of Shiraz, is given. The author once shewed a miniature picture of his mother to an Ethiopian eunuch, who was quite incredulous of the account given him of the liberty enjoyed by European women.

After looking at it for some time, he exclaimed, "Then I suppose your father is a painter?" When I answered, "No," in great astonishment he said, "Then who could have painted this picture?"

Thus in few words giving an insight into the whole of eastern feelings upon this subject. The Persians are very super-

stitions—those who had the charm called the *Dum*, or breath, thought themselves secure against the bite of snakes, and the sting of scorpions; and as some of them were servants attached to the Embassy, they were always put into requisition to seize the snakes and scorpions found, which they did most courageously.

Not long ago lived at Shiraz a man greatly celebrated for his sanctity, who had the reputation to possess the *Dum* to such a degree, that he communicated it to *Mureeds*, or disciples, who again dispensed it to the multitude. A young Mirza, brother to the then acting Vizier of Shiraz, gave to the Ambassador as a great present, a knife, which he said had been charmed by this holy man, and if rubbed over the bite of a snake would instantly cure it. One of his disciples was at Shiraz whilst we were there, and he willingly complied with our request, that he would communicate his charm to us. The operation was simple enough. From his pocket he took a piece of sugar, over which he mumbled some words, breathed upon it, and then required that we should eat it, in full belief that neither serpent nor scorpion could ever more harm us. He then pulled some snakes out of a bag, which some of us, whose confidence was strong, ventured to handle and flourish in the air.

Snake-charming is, however, too well-known an art to excite much surprise. The following legend of superstition attached to the *Mil Shatir*, or pillar of the *running footman*, near Ispahan, to which Chardin tells us that those who wished to enter the King's service in that capacity, were required to run from the palace gate twelve times within twelve arrows, between sun-rise and sun-set, as a proof of activity and strength—the distance would be 120 miles in about 14 hours. But the tradition related to the Embassy is more romantic:—

In former days a King of Persia promised his daughter in marriage to any one who would run before his horse all the way from Shiraz to Ispahan. One of his Shatirs nearly accomplished the task, having reached to the eminence marked by the tower, when the King, fearful that he should be obliged to keep his promise, dropt his whip. The ligatures which encompassed the Shatir's body were such,* that in the state he then was, he knew for certain, that if he stooped to the ground to pick up the whip, his death would immediately follow; therefore he contrived to take up the whip with his foot, carried it to his hand, and so presented it to the King. This trick having failed, the King then dropped his ring, upon which the Shatir, who saw that his fate was decided, ex-

* They bind themselves all over tightly by way of support to the body.

claimed, "O King, you have broken your word, but I'll show you my submission to the last." Upon which he stooped, picked up the ring, and died. In commemoration of this event, the Shatir was buried on the spot, and this tower, now called the Shatir's Tomb, was built over his remains.

The *Goule*, a sort of Land Mermaid, which entices travellers by its cries, and then tears them to pieces by its claws, is an object of peculiar dread to the Persians in a district through which our countrymen passed—without seeing any of them! Their companions affirmed, that the *goule* had the faculty of changing itself into different shapes and colours; sometimes that it came in a camel's form, sometimes as a cow, then as a horse; and when of a sudden they discovered something on the horizon of the desert, which they could not make out, they all at once cried "*it is a Goule*." When pointed out to be the stump of a reed, they still thought it might be a finesse of the *goule*; and many declared, with grave faces, they had seen them on crossing the desert, and only kept them off by spells, the most efficacious of which was loosening the string of their *shalwars*, or riding trowsers.

A tradition at Demawend may well be classed with the description of these imaginary beings. At Demawend they have an annual festival, or rejoicing for the death of Zohak, a renowned Persian tyrant, whose seat of government it was. The resemblance to a portion of the heathen mythology is curious:—

Zohak had two serpents growing out of his shoulders, which it was necessary to feed daily with human brains; and two men of Demawend were every morning killed for this odious purpose:—at length, a youth resolving to rid his country of such a scourge, went to slay him; and informed his townsmen, that if he succeeded he would light a fire on the top of the neighbouring mountain, as a signal of the tyrant's death and of his triumph. Zohak was living near the mountain of Demawend, whether the youth repaid and slew him: and the illuminations (to this day) are intended to commemorate the promised fire which he lighted.

It is probably, however, the commemoration of the flight to the mountains of those who escaped from the oppression of this despot, and there became the founders of the Courdish people.

But superstition is not confined to Persia: at Echmiatzin, during Mr. Morier's stay there, the Armenian Patriarch, in mercy to the inhabitants of Tefflis, who sent a deputation to him, allowed "the head of the very spear with which the Roman soldier pierced the side of our Saviour" (and which is

preserved there†) to visit Tefflis, where its entrance at one gate drove out the plague, which was desolating the city, in the shape of a cow, at the other!!

At Ispahan there is a Dominican Catholic Church, but in sore decay. The priest was a little, smart, cheerful-looking man, called Padié Yusuf, a Roman by birth, and the last of the missionaries of the Propaganda, who had long been established in Persia. He had been 15 years at Ispahan, and his flock is about as numerous as his years of residence. There were formerly several other Catholic Churches here, but they have long ceased to exist. We trust more success will attend a translation of the New Testament into Persian, by Mr. Martyn, the Chaplain to the Embassy. This gentleman having had many controversies with the Mollahs, who wished to convert him, threw his arguments in favour of Christianity into a tract, which obtained a wide circulation in Persia. A Mollah of high fame was ordered to answer it, which he performed, after the lapse of a year, so lamely, that even his countrymen were ashamed of his work. Another answer was ordered, but never produced; and Mr. Morier observes, that

We may infer from this circumstance, that if, in addition to the Scriptures, some plain treatises of the evidences of Christianity, accompanied by strictures upon the falsehood of the doctrines of Mahomed, were translated into Persian, and disseminated throughout that country, very favourable effects would be produced. Mr. Martyn caused a copy of his translation to be beautifully written, and to be presented by the Ambassador to the King, who was pleased to receive it very graciously. A copy of it was made by Mirza Baba, a Persian, who gave us lessons in the Persian language; and he said, that many of his countrymen asked his permission to take Mr. Martyn's translation to their homes, where they kept it for several days, and expressed themselves much edified by its contents. The Mollahs (or Scribes,) however, reviled him for undertaking such a work. On reading the passage where our Saviour is called the "*Lamb of God*," they scorned and ridiculed the simile, as if exulting in the superior designation of Ali, who is called *Sheer Khoda*, the *Lion of God*. Mirza Baba observed to them, "The lion is an unclean beast, he preys upon carcases, and you are not allowed to wear his skin, because it is impure; he is destructive, fierce, and man's enemy. The Lamb, on the contrary, is in every way *halal*, or lawful. You eat its flesh, you wear its skin on your head, it does no harm, and is an

† Among other relics, including the arm of St. Gregory, and the scalp of St. Repsime, so incased in gold and ornaments, that neither can be distinctly seen.

animal beloved. Whether is it best then to say the Lamb of God, or the Lion of God?"

The reflections to which these facts are calculated to give rise, we shall not impair or confuse by adding any thing to our present Number. In our next we shall resume lighter matters.

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR JUNE 1818.

(Continued.)

Precis Elementaire de Physiologie. Par M. Magendie. 2 Vols. 8vo.

In the study of those sciences which, like Mathematics and Physics, are composed of a series of truths connected together by a necessary dependance, it would be impossible to obtain any success if the mind were not guided in its progress by a method founded on the natural concatenation of ideas: hence the necessity of elementary treatises, the object of which is to prepare the understanding by progressive difficulties, for the most abstract conceptions. This is not the case with Physiology. Here the real subordination of the phenomena not being yet perceived, the order of succession in the exposition of facts is nearly arbitrary. We never meet, as in the first, with those complex arguments, by which we ascend to truths more and more general; there is therefore no room to distinguish an elementary part and a transcendental part; and it should seem that all works treating upon this science ought to present a complete collection of the observations known. But these observations have not all the same degree of certainty; they are often attended by circumstances foreign to them, the influence of which it is difficult to estimate, or there is just ground to distrust them, because their author has confounded the description of the facts really observed, with the inductions of a theory which is almost always erroneous. This shews how useful it would be, for those who wish to apply to Physiology, to subject to a strict and scrupulous examination all the parts of the science, to collect whatever is the best authenticated, and to reject all those discussions the result of which is still doubtful. It is this difficult task which M. Magendie has performed in the work now under our consideration.

This introductory paragraph of the learned reviewer (M. Dulong) will sufficiently explain the object of M. Magendie's work: but we are forced to abstain from a particular analysis, first, because the work is especially designed for the study of the Physician; and, secondly, because it would hardly be possible to give a satisfactory abridgment of the review. M. Dulong signifies, besides, that he intends in a second article to give an account of the very remarkable discoveries contained in M. Magendie's work.

Les Roses. Par M. P. J. Redouté.

The name of M. Redouté has long been advantageously known to the lovers of splendid botanical works. The magnificent work *Les Liliacées*, in 80 Numbers, in folio (we believe,) was scarcely finished, when he commenced a similar but less extensive publication on the Rose. Seven Numbers have been published, of the 20 which will compose it.

Though France has contributed as much as any other country to the progress made in the last and present century by Botanical Iconography, it had no collection especially destined to the numerous family of the Roses. England and Germany seemed to rival each other by the rich collections of Miss Lawrence, Mr. C. Andrews, and M. Roessig, which have all many claims to commendation, but are also more or less defective, sometimes in respect to the accuracy of the drawing, sometimes in the choice of the models or the graphical execution. Besides, these collections do not contain some particular species, which are either rare or exotic, or recently discovered; which the naturalist could not study, except in our hot houses or public gardens: such are some precious varieties cultivated at Paris by M. Boursaut; a new rose discovered in Mexico, and brought to France by Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland; and an elegant variety lately observed in the nursery of M. Dupont, and to which the name of M. Redouté has been given, a species of dedication not unusual in the annals of science, and which was never more justly applied. It was therefore to be wished that we might have a collection of Roses more complete than those above mentioned, in which the representation should be more faithful, and the imitation carried to that degree of truth and illusion which the art in its present state can attain. This is the difficult work which M. Redouté has undertaken; and as it is chiefly to the brilliant productions of his pencil, and the happy effects of his industry, that France is indebted for the perfection recently acquired by this interesting branch of the fine arts, it was for him, rather than for any other, to supply this desideratum in Botanical Iconography.

Besides the merit of this work, as a splendid and faithful imitation of the numerous species of Roses, the author has taken particular care to represent with precision and exactness the different characters adopted by botanists to class each species of this flower.

With respect to the process to which we are indebted for so many fine productions, it may be observed, that the art of engraving was not applied till a late period, and then imperfectly, to the delineation of flowers. It could represent only their carriage (if we may so express it,) their forms and contours; but how has it contrived to retrace the image of the prodigious variety of colours of those numberless tints and shades, which the inexhaustible hand of nature has lavished on the leaves and in

the calices of flowers? The most direct and simple means was first tried, namely, to print the outlines in black, and then to add the colours with the pencil. This process, which the French call *Enluminure* (illuminating or colouring,) and which has been constantly followed in Germany and England, has produced fine works, such as the *Flora of Hungary*, the *Flora of Coromandel* by Roxburgh, and the superb collections of Andrews, Curtis, and Edwards: but it is evident that numerous defects are inseparable from this method. A second was invented or employed by Bulliard, in his collection of "*Champignons*," and his "*Herbal of France*," which consisted in employing successively several plates for each flower, according to the number of the colours, in the same manner as is done for printed calicoes. Not to speak of other objections to this method, the enormous expense of so many plates for each flower soon caused it to be given up.

A third method is that of which M. Redouté considers himself as the author, and which consists in the *employment of all the different colours on a single plate*, by means which are peculiar to the author, and which he intends one day to publish. When the principal or even the secondary tints have been thus printed, there needs no more than a little labour to repair with the pencil the almost imperceptible defects or vacancies which may be found between the neighbouring colours, and to execute some minute details which the graver would express but imperfectly. The advantages of this method are evident, and M. Redouté's own performances are the best proofs of it. M. Raoul Rochette is inclined to think that the method was attempted in England before M. Redouté employed it; but these trials were so imperfect, that it is not surprising they have escaped his researches; and if the honour of an invention belongs to him who has the first demonstrated its utility, by the happy application he has made of it, M. Redouté cannot be denied the merit of having so early as 1796 produced the most beautiful application of this process, which only his own works have since been able to surpass: and this merit is the more truly his, since, by his own declaration, he was led to this discovery entirely by his own ideas. The plates of the present work have all the softness and brilliancy of a drawing, and might easily be taken for the original design of the artist.

We have been insensibly led to give a longer account of this work than we intended, on account of its being in so many respects interesting to artists; and we shall be happy to see a worthy rival to it arise on this side of the channel. We have only to add, that the text is splendidly printed by M. Firmin Didot, and that as much care has been employed on the mere mechanical execution of the text and of the engravings, as in the composition of the designs.

(To be continued.)

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

From *Abbe George's Memoirs*.

It is now no secret, says the author, that Louis XV. carried on for many years a secret correspondence with the celebrated Mademoiselle d'Eon, who was then known by the name of the Chevalier d'Eon. But this phenomenon having a violent quarrel with the Count de Guerny, French ambassador at London, which proceeded so far, that it was at last brought before the Council of State, the latter took the resolution to have the Chevalier d'Eon, Secretary to the Embassy at London, arrested in a private manner, and conveyed to Paris. But Louis XV. instantly sent a courier, and informed him (her) in his own hand-writing of this resolution of the Council, at the same time disclosing by what stratagem they would entice him (her) out of the city, and added an exact description of the man who would execute this business in disguise. The Chevalier d'Eon being thus warned and instructed, it was not difficult for him (her) to escape the snare, and to disappoint the plan of the Council of State. I know this fact, with all the circumstances I have mentioned, from Mademoiselle d'Eon him-(her)-self. After the death of Louis XV. and after her feminine sex had been denounced, she returned to Paris upon the word of the King, and the faith of a letter from Louis XVI.: this young monarch had promised her liberty, protection, and personal security, besides an annual pension of 12,000 livres, upon the condition that she should honestly and faithfully deliver all the original letters written by Louis the 15th's own hand, and appear again in the clothes of her sex. The last condition had almost caused the whole negotiation to fail; but Mademoiselle d'Eon was obliged to provide for her future support, and she had no choice but to submit. I have not known her in any other than in women's clothes; but she could not accustom herself to them all her life, she always appeared stiff, constrained, and awkward. However, this first unpleasant impression was soon removed by her lively and spirited conversation, and the humorous narrative of her adventures. She obtained permission to wear still the Order of St. Louis, which she had received for her military services as Captain of dragoons.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

The late commotions at Gottingen, and more recently at Leipsic, and the dispersion of 1200 students from the former (of whom we believe not more than one half have returned to their studies,) must, after the grand political movements and auto da fe last year at the Wartburg, have excited considerable

curiosity on the subject of the German Universities; and we avail ourselves of the information contained in the agreeable volume we recently reviewed, entitled, "*An Autumn near the Rhine*," to lay a brief description of these Institutions before our readers.

Nothing can be imagined more striking than the contrast between an English and a German University. In the former, the Gothic buildings, the magnificent colleges, the noble libraries, the chapels, the retired walks, the scholastic grace of the costume, are all so many interesting indications of the antiquity, the munificence, and the dignity of the institution. The University of Heidelberg is one of the most distinguished in Germany—but the constitution of a German University has necessarily no monument of architecture, no appendage of dignity, scarcely any decent building connected with it. The *Universität Gebäude*, or public building, containing the library and the lecture rooms of the Professors, barely comes under this last description. An Englishman might pass the town a dozen times without remarking any traces of its institutions, unless he happened to encounter a string of swaggering mustachioed youths, their hair flowing on their shoulders, without cravats, with pipes in their mouths, parading the streets with a rude impudence. These are the students—who resemble each other in all the Universities, in main points, both of costume and character. It is hardly necessary to say this is not an academical costume. A German Student would disdain—as a pert young gentleman of this number told me—to wear a dress not of his own free choice; and his choice, under the influence of a luminous patriotism, takes the direction of reviving the *alt Deutsche Kleidung*, or the old costume of the worthy Germans three centuries ago. "*They were sturdy patriots and right good Germans, and stuck up for our liberties against the Emperor Charles and the princes. We want some of this spirit in our days—therefore we will begin by copying them in their dress, and thus we shall introduce it.*" This is the reasoning of the independent philosophers from fourteen to five and twenty, who attend lectures, if they please, when they please, and on what they please, in the Professors' rooms at the Universities.

The Universities are, with slight variations, constructed upon the same plan. They are not, as in England, composed of Colleges where the students are obliged to reside, forming large households under the controul of a Head; and submitting to wholesome regulations, both as to conduct and study. A German University is little more than a place where there is a good library and a collection of Professors who read lectures to those who choose to attend them. They afford bare opportunities for study—with few facilities, no compulsion, no discipline, no subordination. The Professor

reads his lecture, the student pays him for it—If he attends it, which he does or not as he likes, he walks off at the conclusion as independent of the Professor as a man of his drawing-master at the end of the hour's lesson. There are, besides, private tutors who can be engaged for assistance, at leisure hours.

There are a smaller and greater Senate chosen from the Professors, the former of which meets every fourteen days for transacting the business of the University—and four *Ephori*, who are said to superintend the industry and morals of the students, to correspond with their parents, &c. But these last have an office of little efficacy. Their admonition is without authority; for, short of the power of the police in criminal offences, the students are subject to no power whatever, of punishment or controul. They can, consequently, neglect all study, and push their excesses to the verge of a breach of the law in defiance of Rector, Ephori, and Professors. Offences which overstep this bound are liable to punishment by the University Police; for the University is not subject to the ordinary police of the country—a University *Amtmann* (Bailiff) and Beadles, supplying the place to the University of the ordinary provincial Bailiff and *Gens d'arme*. The consequence is, the broken windows, riots, and disturbances, with which the students annoy the citizens, are visited very lightly by the University Magistrates, who often observe them with a secret satisfaction as symptoms of a spirit of independence which they hope may be one day turned to better purposes. With such licence it is not to be wondered that the students find the authorities of the law nearly as much employment as our students give to the gentler advice and correction of the Heads of Houses, Proctors, &c. In some Universities the students are almost as much the terror and nuisance of the neighbourhood, as the worthy associates of Robin Hood or Rob Roy, were to the inhabitants of the scenes of their exploits.

The students live in lodgings, at the houses of the shopkeepers in the town; a system which, if their superiors possessed any controul over their conduct, would almost entirely frustrate it. They dine at the *Tables d'Hôte* of the Inns, to which they are good customers.—I dined with an acquaintance of their number, at a table filled with them. Their manners were, in general, as coarse and as rude as their appearance; they had all the air of low mechanics or persons much less civilized. Some of them were young nobles—others had the ribbons of orders in their button-holes; and they often wear the cockade of their country in their caps or hats, which is sometimes the symbol of a provincial patriotism, much akin to the national one indicated by their clothes. Since the flame of national feeling has been kindled by late events, the distinctions of country are however *professedly* abandoned. The se-

parate associations of the students from different states are done away; and they now loudly assert that they form but one body of *Germans*. But it is easier to assume the title than to suppress national prejudices or neutralize distinctions of character. The light subtle Prussian is little formed to harmonise with the fat phlegmatic Bavarian or Austrian; and if the students of different states mix in amusements pretty indiscriminately, a quarrel (an event of the commonest occurrence) draws out their provincial prepossessions, and ranges the parties accordingly.

When a favourite professor departs, sometimes nearly half a University follow him. The students generally enter very young—many at sixteen or seventeen; for as every young man, intended for the civil service of any prince, must spend two years, by way of qualification, at a University, the object of parents is to qualify them for office as early as possible. Raw children from the Gymnasium are consequently sent to the University, rather to get over these two years than for the purpose of study. Finding themselves here, all at once, their own masters, and exposed to every temptation, they naturally follow the stream, assuming the vices, and caricaturing the consequence of full-grown men. The necessary two years are often spent in drinking, gaming, rioting, and insulting others, more from the intoxication of liberty than from vicious inclination. The pride of premature manhood makes them jealous of their little dignities, and ape the punctilios of false honour. Perpetual duels are the consequence, which have all the ill effect of brutalizing the feelings without the questionable advantage of exercising courage—for their execution is, in general, ludicrously devoided of danger. The breasts and faces of the doughty combatants are cased in pasteboard, in the security of which panoply, they chivalrously engage with small rapiers till incensed honour is satisfied, sometimes by the first sprinkling of blood, at others, by nothing less than a wound of a certain length and depth, to be ascertained by measurement of the seconds. New comers are beset, on their matriculation, with incitements to quarrel, till they put their valour beyond dispute, in one of these combats. Sometimes bodies of disputants (often of different countries) settle their differences by a combat *en masse*. These fights generally terminate in slight wounds—but more fatal consequences are by no means unfrequent. In spite, however, of constant disturbances, and now and then a death occasioned by them, they are still freely permitted, like all other excesses, from the fear of checking the exuberant fervour of youth.

All titles and distinctions of rank are dropped among the students for the common appellation of *Bursch* (Fellow); and when on giving some particulars of our universities to a student, I mentioned the distinction of costume, &c. given to noblemen, this spark of liberty exclaimed—"that

would not be suffered among us—we are all equal—we have no distinctions." I could not help smiling when I reflected that after his two years swing of lawlessness and equality this young man was destined for a pastor's cure, or some petty office under a despotic government, where he would find himself pinned down in the third rate circles, and encompassed by the barriers of rank on all sides.

The spirit of patriotism and political follies of the students are the natural consequence of the same unbounded licence which often corrupts their morals. Most of them have been inoculated with this spirit by the patriotic games and songs of the gymnasium, where they already ape the dress and manners of the university. Or if they come fresh from their father's abode in the Residence, the transfer from a scene of cringing servility to power, to one of boundless independence, is equally likely to intoxicate young heads. Finding themselves here distinguished by large privileges from their fellow-citizens in a despotic state, they become insolent, and set about reforming their country with well-meant but childish extravagance. The professors seldom check, and often partake the spirit though not all the follies of the students. In spite of their academical privileges the professors have a sense of belonging to the excluded classes: they are not received at court or in the circles of the noblesse—where the few who can appreciate talents would deem their presence a decided acquisition. It is a mistake to suppose that learned men despise these little distinctions—they often feel them more cuttingly than others; and the professors of Germany have the character of being at once discontented and haughty.

Be the advantages or disadvantages of the system, however, what they may, any reform is, on several accounts, very improbable. The Princes are too fond of the celebrity and the profit which flourishing Universities bring to their little States, not to be afraid of interfering with their regulations. If the interest of the Princes had not been on their side, you may easily conceive the Universities would never have escaped unharmed in the late general wreck of constitutions and popular rights. Any reform which curtailed the licence of the students would, in fact, instantly raise a cry of violation of the old privileges of the Universities. Half the students (except those who are obliged to pass two years at the University of their own State) would instantly desert, and flock to the University of the neighbouring State, where licence still flourished. The little rival Sovereign would rejoice at the opportunity of aggrandising his own seminaries at the expense of those of his neighbour, and would consequently refrain from following the example of reform. In this as in other matters the clashing of interest among the princes prevent any movement that has for object the general good.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

REMARKABLE PROPAGATION OF AN ERROR.

In one of the sittings of the Academy of Dijon, in the course of last year (1817) M. Ballot gave, on the authority of M. Hermann at Strassburg, the following explanation of a fact in natural history, which on the credit of that celebrated naturalist, has been received for these forty or fifty years in the elementary books of the science.

In the year 1764, the father of the naturalist Hermann visited, for the recovery of his health, the baths of Bar; he remarked upon the surface of the water, a fat substance, which resembled melted tallow; he sent an account of this observation to his son, who wrote on the subject to Gmelin in Paris. The latter read Hermann's letter in the Academy of Sciences. Some time after, Hermann convinced himself that this pretended mineral tallow was a mere cheat of the cunning attendant of the bath, who, in order to procure his master's baths more customers, threw balls made of clay and tallow into the kettle. The Strassburg Naturalist immediately informed his Paris Correspondent of this, and begged him to destroy his first communication. Gmelin read this second letter in the Academy, and here the matter rested for the time.

Ten years later, Hermann, to his great surprise, found his original observation printed under his name in the *Journal de Physique* for May 1774; but he was still more surprised to find it also in Kirwan's *Elements of Mineralogy*, from which it was copied into other works; so that, for instance, Gmelin, in his edition of Linnaeus's *System of Nature* (T. 2. p. 18.) mentioned the newly discovered substance under the name of "*Bitumen Sebum*." In spite of Hermann's repeated protestations, this gross error continued to be propagated, and is still received as truth; so difficult is it to eradicate errors that have once taken root.

M. Ballot appealed on this occasion to one of his colleagues, who asserts that he has convinced himself, in the baths of Contrereville in Lorraine, that the iron in these waters proceeds from five or six hundred iron nails, which the proprietor has secretly thrown into the spring, in order, by their oxydation, to give a slight chalybeate taste to the water.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

The scientific Journals of the Continent state, that various naturalists are at present engaged in exploring the Southern regions of Africa. Some are examining the productions of the vast British Empire in India; some have proceeded to South America; some to the British settlements in North America; and others as far as the confines of Russia and China. The indefatigable zeal and activity displayed in their researches, promise an abundance of new

facts and observations on the meteorology, hydrography, zoology, botany, and mineralogy, of those remote regions.

THE FINE ARTS.

INDECENT PRINTS AND CARICATURES; ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

It is an insult to the Fine Arts to class under this title the subjects of our present observations, but we know of no other head under which they could be so aptly arranged in our miscellany; and *Fine Arts* they must be, as highwaymen are knights (of industry,) and shoeblacks artists.

Foreign travellers have done Great Britain the honour to say, that, compared with other nations, her population was moral and religious; and we believe that in spite of the prevalence of vice and scepticism, this character is deserved by the mass of the people. How long it may continue to be so must depend on many circumstances, and, without attaching too much importance to the exhibition of improper pictures, merely because it is the topic on which we are writing, we will venture to say, that among the numerous agents of depravity there is scarcely one less efficaciously mischievous than that to which we have alluded.

We feel considerable difficulty in expressing ourselves upon this matter, because we cannot describe the evil which we desire to see removed. That there is an offence to be repressed, a nuisance to be abated, a flood of demoralization to be stopped, which no one can walk the streets of London without observing, is too notorious to require a comment. Without entering upon particulars, it may be stated that the number of print and caricature shops has recently increased prodigiously, and that, with scarcely one exception, their windows are filled with the most indecent and obscene productions. No woman can pass them without sensations of shame, and risk of contamination, even from the momentary and unwilling glance which is almost unavoidably forced upon the passenger. No man can look upon them without disgust; and no Christian, without feelings of grief for the depravity of their manufacturers, and apprehension for the effect of their poison upon the young, the giddy, and the ignorant.

It is impossible that in a country like this, with wise laws applicable to the punishment, or what is still better, to the prevention of every crime, there should be no remedy for the guilt of corrupting

the principles of the people in this way. The public manners are as much the care of a legislature as public property, and we should be in a state of barbarism rather than of civilization, could such disgraceful outrages be perpetrated with impunity. The fact is, that there are enactments which, if enforced, would put an end to these scandalous exhibitions; and if those to whose vigilance they are entrusted, were to do their duty, our eyes would no longer be insulted, nor our minds polluted, by such vulgar, loose, and infamous performances, flashed in our face at almost every twentieth window of the most frequented streets of the metropolis.

Upon the miserable persons who prostitute their talents, and the viler wretches who subsist by disseminating such works, any exhortation would be wasted, or we would call on the former to blush for the misapplication of abilities given for better as well as more profitable purposes, and on the latter to weigh deeply, not only their degradation, as human beings, but their dreadful responsibility as accountable creatures, for the evils they produce in society.

But it is not improbable that even this brief notice may have some influence, either in reclaiming those against whose foul proceedings the finger of scorn is thus publicly pointed, or in awaking to a sense of what exertions, on their part, are due to common decency in the *custodes morum* according to the laws of the realm. In that hope we abstain from further remark.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DESTRUCTION.

Destruction walks abroad—escaped the doom
Which chained him to Vesuvius' fiery womb;
Or, in the stunning Maclostroom's black abyss;
Or, on the peak of Benmore's precipice;
Or, where the Desert's whirlwind columns * roll;
Or, to the ice-bergs crashing round the Pole;
Or, on the dome which feels the earthquake shock;
Or, in the cloud that swathes the young Siroc;
Or, where the Rhetian avalanche had swelled
To Heaven—suspended rather than upheld—

* "We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight surely the most magnificent in the world: in that vast expanse of desert, from W. and to N.W. of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking with majestic slowness; at intervals we thought they were coming in a very few moments to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us: again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds."—BRUCE.

See Southey's "*Thalaba*," Book IV.

For, far above the valley's scene of rest—
An Eagle hovering o'er the Ring-dove's nest:
With red, dilated eye, and monster form,
He follows close the Spirit of the storm—
Who, like a wrathful seraph, rides the wind
In awful beauty. Fell, nor far behind,
A hell-scaped, nameless, brood comes yelling on,
Who blight whate'er they breathe or look upon.
Some glare like beacons o'er the troubled tide—
Some start the timbers in the galley's side—
Some sport in liquid flame o'er sail and mast—
Some mutter hollow warnings in the blast—
Some fire the forest, some the heathy mountain—
Some hurl the hanging rock to choak the fountain—
Some lure the nighted traveller to the lake,
Or plant his foot upon the startled snake—
Some snap the roof-tree o'er the ancient hall,
And crush the social circle in its fall;
Even while around the blazing hearth they press,
And pity those at sea, or shelterless!
Each plies his demon task ere night be done—
For well they know they must not meet the Sun;
Whilst Nature sobs, convulsed, o'er field and flood,
To mark her Spring thus blighted in the bud!

Heaven! in thy mercy soothe Her wild distress,
Whose babes, perchance, this night are fatherless:
If any fall, to guilt decree its fate—
Nor leave the loving heart all desolate!
Blast with thy withering frown his cursed career,
The perjured Murderer, the Mutineer:
Let not that wretch fold wife or infant more,
Whose gold is alchymised from Africk's gore:
Launch thy red arrow at the Pirate's deck,
Nor leave, for hope, the remnant of a wreck.—
On these thy violated laws resent—
Oh! spare the weak, and shield the innocent!

EUSTACE.

A SIMILE,

Written during the late scorching Weather.

When first the bright Sun's soul-enlivening ray
Hath chas'd dark Winter's lurid clouds away,
Each tree and shrub, and ev'ry floweret, seems
To feel the influence of his cheering beams,
And all the choristers of air awake,
Their songs renewing as their flights they take;
While Man, invigorated, blithe and gay,
Blest in the sight, forgets all must decay.
But when the Sun assumes a scorching pow'r,
Earth mourns the absence of the kindly show'r,
Each lovely blossom hangs its pensive head,
Its beauty tarnish'd, and its vigor fled.
Now in the air what dark'ned clouds arise,
What vivid flashes shoot athwart the skies!
The peals of thunder, bursting on the ear,
Have voice to infect the firmest heart with fear,
Infuse into the soul a mournful gloom,
And all seems dark and dreary as the tomb,
Till the glad show'r, so long deplor'd, returns:
With scorching heat the earth no longer burns;
The healthful drops each little flow'r receives,
And fresh and green appear the dripping leaves;
Each lovely warbler flaps his joyous wing,
And Earth seems gladden'd by a second Spring.
So some warm passion in the breast of youth
Softly enters, pure and bright as truth,
Sheds on Life's op'ning morn its golden ray,
Serene and cloudless as a summer's day;
Gives a new charm to life, cheers and revives:
There is no rapture like the joy it gives—
Till when its long dominion mocks control,
It cheers no longer, but consumes the soul;
It can no more its genial glow impart,
But seems to wither up the blighted heart;
Till into life it warms the monster Sin,
Then comes the storm, the raging storm within

All is tempestuous, dreary, dark, and wild,
And they shall smile no more, as once they
snail'd,

Till tears, repentant tears, by Nature giv'n,
Like the refreshing drops which fall from Heav'n,
While brightly sparkling on the Mourner's
cheek,

Before Heav'n's throne shall in their favour
speak,

Shed o'er the soul a renovating balm,
And to the mind restore its wonted calm.

Chelsea, August 6th, 1818.

HELEN.

FRIENDSHIP,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

CHARACTERS—*A Venetian and a Turk.*

SCENE—*The Rialto at Venice.*

VENETIAN.

When thou art far, remember—
Not that I did unclench thy galling chains,
Nor made my gold thy freedom's talisman,
Nor that I gave thee to thy friends again—
A man who loved thee not, even for his whim,
Or the world's praise, or to atone to heaven,
By doing good to one, for thousands wrong'd,
Might do yet more than so—
Remember,
That I did break the chains within my breast
Which held thee captive there—
That I paid down a ransom from that mine,
A bleeding heart,
More precious, and more dear to part withal,
Than that which blush'd in Ophir's yellow veins—
That I, in yielding thee unto thy friends,
Do leave myself most friendless—
Farewell—remember this!

TURK.

Believe me, brave Italian!

I never felt so deep a trouble here—
No, not when first I left my father's house
In boyhood—shuddering, when the hills above
Our home became invisible, as if
The very air breath'd strange and careless on me;
Nay, nor when
(Upon the Adriatic's lubric wave)
Thy stately galleys forced me to exchange
The hope of conquest for captivity—
For now I part with that I hold more dear!
By heaven, thy name shall glow, deep character'd
Upon my heart, between the burning words
(Of which the slave and captive only feel
The thrilling meaning) Home and Liberty!—
We shall not meet again.

VENETIAN.

Not here—but what a dull unmeaning thing
This life would be, and what a blank hereafter,
Were those we love, and those that love us, but
The visions of an hour! men's creeds may jar—
So chords do on a lute, yet every chord
Can pitch its proper tone to heaven, and there
(Forgetful if they differed on the way)
Embrace, like reconciled Friends, in harmony—
They *we* shall meet again!

TURK.

Plead for him, Mahomet! grant, Alla, grant,
He dreams not all too fondly!
For thy sake
I here renounce that tenet of my creed,
Whose churlish limitation would debar
All Christians from our Paradise—
Would we might meet hereafter!

VENETIAN.

Aye, aye, we must!

I would shrink back from the bright valves of
heaven,

Tho' borne by Angels thither, were mine eyes
In their inquiry thro' its haze of glory
To meet but *strangers* there!

O, I would hang my head most sorrowful,
And think on them, Earth's woe-worn wanderers,
Whom I had smil'd and wept with—nay, would sue
To have my griefs again

(And I have had no niggard share, God knows!)

To feel the balm of natural sympathy
Which many a good Samaritan still pours
Into the wounds of bruised hearts—altho'
The Priest and Levite pass o' th' other side—
Behold thy galley!

Like a constrained bird it flaps its wings,

As tho' it *felt* impatience:

Away—I will not hold thee longer—go!

The gale blows fresh, and from the top-mast head
Doth make the striped and gaudy pennant point
Its shivering finger tow'rd the orient—
Look, 'tis thy land it points to!

TURK.

Nay, let me ease my heart before I go—

One word, one brief word more—'twill be the
last!

O, I shall tame my fierce-brow'd countrymen
To gentleness, when that I tell them all
Thy kindness to a conquer'd enemy!—
That thou did'st take from my indignant lip
The bitter cup of bondage—

That thou did'st draw me to thy bosom then—

I—I who had been an adder to thy race—

Nor dreaded, when thy warmth of heart had
thaw'd
The torpor of degraded slavery, lest I
Should but revive to sting thee! Tell me how
I best may give assurance that thy love
Is not abused—lavish'd on a cold
And cunning villain?

For, tho' as well might an insolvent wretch
Make proffer of his bond for trusted gold,
I yet would prove—and yet, I would not *prove*—
For thou must be as I am ere I could!

VENETIAN.

The doing of kind deeds, if mine be such,
Even like the Poets' songs, reward themselves:
But if indeed thou owest aught to heaven—
Sure there be Christian captives in thy land
Who curse the hour their mothers travail'd for
them—

Whose limbs are cicatrized with bloody stripes
That wear away the seams of honest wounds—
Plead, O plead for these!

Mercy to one another cancels best
Our debts to Him who moulded human hearts—
Adieu.—

TURK.

O, let a burning madness

Melt every dear impression kinder fates
Have sealed upon my brain, when I forget
How much I owe thee! could I prove so false,
Our holy Prophet (throne'd in Paradise)
Had deep deep cause to turn aside and blush
That Christians only could be generous!
Farewell! farewell!

London, Aug. 1818.

EUSTACE.

ITALY.

Oh! thou romantic land of Italy!
Behold—a stranger trends upon thy shore
And (with a feeling seldom known before)
Prays inspiration.—Oh! reply, reply,
If in thy caves or piny mountains high
Thou hast the voice that sounded sweet of yore—
Or if those mighty monuments that soar

And hold acquaintance with the starry sky
(As though their master's spirit lived) have yet
An influence, let me feel it in my rhyme—
Thou beautiful land, where Titian—Raffaello—
met

(The last as sweet as summer in its prime)
And he who bore upon his brow sublime
Stern immortality.—Can I forget
That they caught all their colours from thy clime?
Shine then too on my verse, beautiful Italy!

W.

* Michael Angelo.

MORNING.

Morning! a million harps have swept thy praise
In more than earthly numbers; thou hast been
The theme of many an immortal song!
Yet not the lyre of ages, nor the hymns
Divine of bards, e'er spoke of half thy charms,
For e'en Imagination may not boast,
With all her high creative powers, such forms,
Such matchless tints as thine. Thou dost bedeck
Heav'n with celestial colourings, the Earth
With glorious gems; and thine too is the LIGHT
That bids them shine, the grand majestic Sun
Gladd'ning the face of nature. All those gales
In which the very soul of freshness breathes,
Are with thee, and those melting melodies
That o'er the sabbath of the night arise,
And when the breath of Spring renews the world,
The leaf, the bud, the flower, all sweetly live
With thee, fair MORNING, and Creation's voice
Hath sounded thy high praises since that hour
When all thy Orbs first sang aloud for joy,
And God pronounced good the LIVING WORLD.
Plymouth Dock. N.T.C.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. IX.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

O rus, quando te adspiciam.

Happy the man who to the shades retires,
Whom Nature charms.

POPE.—*IF'ndoor Forest.*

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
spires,

— — — — — till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.
THOMSON.

I have always preferred the "shady
side of Pall Mall" to any shady groves
or bowers in the world. Though my
attachment for a town life is such,
that I have refused a thousand invita-
tions to the country, yet after a whole
winter of promising to visit Lord River-
bank at his retreat, twenty miles from
London, I at last did violence to my in-
clination and went thither. I had heard
a great deal of the magnificence of his

house—of his improvements and his hospitality—and I was now about to judge for myself as to all these particulars.

I accordingly threw myself into a post-chaise, and arrived at Riverbank Park about two o'clock, P.M. I inquired for my Lord, and was informed that he was busy, but would be with me immediately. Her Ladyship was employed in stag-hunting. I next asked for the young Lord, and found that he was fishing:—Lady Ann, the eldest daughter?—she was out with the coachman, learning to drive:—Lady Elizabeth?—she was with her drill master, that is to say, with a Sergeant of the Guards, who was putting her through her facings, and teaching her to march:—Lady Mary?—she was lying down. "Bless me," said I, "the family are oddly employed! But I am sorry for Lady Mary's indisposition." "She is not indisposed at all," replied the Butler, "she is lying flat on the floor for an hour, by order of her Ladyship, by way of improving her shape;" "and Mademoiselle Martin, the governess?" added I—"is," answered the Butler, "waltzing with a young Officer who is on a visit here, for amusement's sake, whilst Lady Mary is thus stretched on a board." "Preposterous!" muttered I to myself!

The nursery was now let loose, and the infantine race crowded about me, hid under the skirts of my coat, and insisted upon my playing at battledore and shuttlecock with them, which I reluctantly did. At length, after the lapse of an hour, my Lord made his appearance, in a very slovenly undress, his hands quite dirty, and an unfinished needle-case between his finger and thumb. He had been turning in his workshop (his favorite amusement) and apologized for his delay. His first anxiety was to show me his shop, his tools, and his performances. He then stunned me with the noise of a wheel, and presented me with a pen-case, which I could have bought, better done, for sixpence. His next care was to take me over his improvements, which business lasted two hours, and fatigued me exceedingly. I had the honour to visit his piggery, to get knee deep in straw and manure in his farm yard, to catch cold after walking fast in his dairy, and to assist him in reclaiming a horse which broke through a fence. In our walk, he praised himself a good deal, talked to me of the size of his cattle, and added something about a cross in his sheep, which escaped my attention at the time,

and which is not worth the trying to remember.

We now came in to dress for dinner, and the family assembled together. Lord Greenhorn had caught three small fish, and had pricked his finger whilst baiting his hook. The Sergeant was heard in praise of Lady Ann, who performed as well, he said, as if she had been an old soldier. Coachee was interrogated respecting Lady Elizabeth, who, he assured my Lord, would in a short time make a very pretty whip. The Governess's evidence was not so favourable to Lady Mary, who, she complained, would not be still a minute. This was very bad; but Lady Mary stated in her defence, that it was impossible whilst waltzing was going on. My Lord patted her on the head, and, turning to me, observed, "She's a fine wild girl, an't she?" to which I assented.

Dinner was now served up in a sumptuous style, but all was stiffness and formality. I was seated next to her Ladyship, whose conversation ran upon the pleasures and the dangers of the chase. She had been twice up to the saddle in water, had been once nearly knocked down by the bough of a tree, and had taken some very desperate leaps. My Lord talked to the Curate all dinner time about farming, with all the ardour of a novice, and all the ignorance imaginable. Lady Ann and Lady Elizabeth quarrelled together most part of the time about some trifling matter or other. Mademoiselle Martin appeared to be the great favourite of the young Officer; and Lady Mary annoyed me by asking a thousand silly questions about what was doing in town—what was the last fashion—if I could get her a new novel, and the like.

The circulation of the bottle after dinner was slow and confined. The Parson drank two to one to his neighbour. The *Militaire* tipped wine and water, complaining of being feverish, and took a walk with the young ladies and their governess, who kept them running races, whilst she was flirting with the Captain.

Lord Riverbank now proposed another walk, but I declined it on the score of my morning's fatigue. I accordingly went up to the drawing-room, where I found her Ladyship sleeping on the sofa, overcome with the hard riding of the hunt, and Miss M'Clintach, a Highland unmarried lady of about fifty, whose pardon I beg for not having named her at dinner. This Caledonian lady is the quintessence of old maidish-

ness, yet affected in the extreme, and much inclined to be taken for twenty-five years of age. She is so formal, however, withal, that she would not sit next a man at table, for fear that he might touch her by accident with his knee.

When the walking party returned, cards were proposed; but we could not make up a party. Miss M'Clintach said it did not do for young people to gamble, and (in a very broad accent) observed that cards were the *deevle's bukes*. Waltzing was then mentioned; and two couples started, whilst the third sister played on the piano forte. There was a quarrel at starting, as to who was to get the Captain. The eldest daughter, however, claimed the right of primogeniture, whilst the second sister danced with tears in her eyes for disappointment, and Mademoiselle looked as black as a thunder-cloud. I was set down to cards with the Parson, and lost every game at piquette. Lord Greenhorn established a game at forfeits for the younger children, and in this Miss M'Clintach joined, by way of appearing young and innocent. When, however, it came to her turn to be saluted, she made a most desperate resistance, appealing to the higher powers, and exclaiming very loudly and in a most extreme northern accent, "*A beg leave to state that a set my face against the measure entirely.*" A roar of laughter from all quarters followed this remark; and the cause was given against the lady, who slapped the young Lord's face, and retired in a rage, amidst thundering applause, or rather thundering mirth at her expense.

Fatigued with turning, Lord Riverbank now fell asleep; and I, taking the hint, slipped unperceived to my room, where I noted down all the transactions of the day. After breakfast the following morning, I took my leave, resolved never again to pass such a day in the country, unless brought there on some most urgent and pressing occasion. My Lord's estate is a fine one, his house is roomy and expensively fitted up; but comfort is no where to be found in his domain; and as for improvements, there is great room yet for many more, beginning with the family itself.

On my way home, I could not help thinking that there was much truth in the remark of a Frenchman, who stated, as his opinion, that we find in life fewer things positively and intentionally bad, than things out of place, *des choses déplacées*. This led me to consider the pursuits and pleasures of the Riverbank family, all innocent in themselves, but

quite out of place, as if the family had changed sexes, sides and conditions, and did every thing by a rule contrary to all old established propriety.

Thus had Lord Riverbank been stag-hunting, and Lady Riverbank fishing—had the young Lord been in the hands of his drill serjeant, or driving out for the purpose of becoming an able charioteer—had Lady Ann been dancing in the place of her governess—and had Lady Elizabeth and the recumbent Lady Mary been employed at their music or at study, whilst Mademoiselle might be altering some dress—it strikes me that the pursuits of the family would have been more analogous to the age, sex, rank and understandings of its members. As for the turning, carpenter, and cabinet-making lines, they might have been omitted altogether.

We indeed hear of a Royal locksmith, and of one king's making buttons, and another crowned head being employed in the art of embroidering (a courtly thing enough, when not performed by a needle;) yet cannot tailoring or any operative mean handicraft trade ever be fitted for royalty, or even for manhood. The sceptre should never be exchanged for the hammer or saw, nor the sword laid aside for the bodkin or scissors. To honest mechanics let such occupations be left, they are suited to their educations and to their habits; but the nobleman or gentleman who makes amusements of them, is surely much out of his sphere.

His mind must be sadly confined, and his time must hang heavy indeed, who would plane, and saw, and hammer, and nail, whilst the book of nature and of science is spread out before him—whilst his library is open to his researches, the whole face of the earth to his improvement, and whilst his country may demand his services in the senate or in the field. I beg pardon of the operative mechanical quality of my acquaintance, but I cannot help saying, that I would send a lord cabinet-maker, turner, or tailor, to keep company with a lady shoe-maker, or farrier, for such there are, and not at all admired by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

AN EASTERN TALE.

The Sultan of — gave notice, that on a certain day he would entertain the nobles of his court with some field sports. The courtiers were immediately in a state of preparation, the attendants were every one upon the alert, and all was on the tip-

toe of expectation, for all knew that a feast would follow, and all were eager to follow a feast, as the Sultan was distinguished as an epicure, and his courtiers were not a pin behind him.

His Cook was often of more importance than his ministers, and the culinary art was the science in vogue.

The wished for day arrived, and at the first dawn the huntsmen, their helpers, and all that belonged to the train and pomp of an eastern hunt, were in readiness.

On the Sultan himself the prospect of the sport had made some impression, and he did not keep his nobles more than three hours waiting; the prostrations were made, the Sultan was seated, and a signal was given for his favourite repast, which on days of exercise he was accustomed to order; but oh! wonder of wonders! the signal was not answered by the immediate appearance of the banquet. It was repeated with as little success. The courtiers who dared to look, rolled their eyes about in all directions, the mutes were distinctly seen to move, and the favourite Sultana alone dared to meet the eye of her Lord, and finding there no immediate killing orders, began to breathe freely; at the same moment a confused murmur was heard, and the venerable person of the chief Cook was seen making his way to the throne, before the awful majesty of which, throwing himself as flat as the protuberance of his body would permit, he thus began:

"Light of the Sun; Splendor of the Moon; Eclipse of the Stars; Mightier than the mightiest! the life of thy slave is but as a grain of sand before thee—" The Sultan here cut short his speech along with his head—the Prime Minister was dispatched to discover the cause the chief Cook had been so long coming, and he found the kitchen in consternation. He learned that the court Chimney-sweeper, in order to ruin the Cook, who had levied a tax in addition from the perquisites of his soot-bag, had neglected the orders for sweeping the chimney on the day previous to the hunt, whereby a quantity of soot falling on the fire, had spoiled the favourite mess.

By this time, the storm brewing on the empty stomach of the Sultan had reached its climax, and scarce had his minister intimated the occasion, when an immediate order was given to execute all the chimney-sweeps in his metropolis. A few stragglers only were found on whom to execute this summary order. The principal court Sweep, foreseeing consequences, had retreated with his family, and as many of his tribe as he could warn of the mischief which he knew would follow, to a neighbouring state then at war with his quondam Prince.

But the Sultan waits—and wait he must; for as to having his victuals cooked by an ordinary cook at an ordinary kitchen, the thing was not to be done; so taking some dried sweetmeats and coffee in his Harem, the day's pleasure was reversed; but the mischief was not over, for the palace kitchen could have no fire till the chimney was cleansed, and the Sultan called a

council, by which it was concluded, that chimney-sweepers were of use, and by proclamation a pardon was offered to such as would come forth from their concealments, and operate as before. But caution and distrust had so wrought on the sable community, that not one (if any had remained) appeared. The evil increased, foul chimneys were every where complained of, and a reward was added to the pardon of the Sultan; but still without effect.

In the mean time a few fires broke out, and a few houses were consumed, from the accumulation of soot; and such was the general panic, that men began to think of their own safety in preference to the homage due to their first magistrate; and even went so far as to accuse him of rashness, in hastily putting an end to what was discovered on all hands to be so useful and necessary a part of the community.

The Sultan continued to assemble his councils, who were instructed in all the learning and wisdom of antiquity, but who had never yet discovered that so trifling an article as sweeping a chimney might inconvenience and even menace the overthrow of a mighty empire. Insurrections were already on foot, and the precipitancy of the monarch was the ground of complaint.

The scavengers now began to feel their importance, and the city was in danger of becoming a prey to pestilence from its filth; when the Sultan, a politic man in the main, though a little too hasty, entered into negotiations with the exiled Sweep master, who, on the promise of a pardon, a place, and a pension, returned to the duties of his occupation, and brought his brethren of the brush over by making terms for them. Upon this turn of affairs, the other orders of the state returned respectively to their employment. As the Grandees had by this time undertaken to do their own dirty work, the ladies of the Seraglio made their own beds, and the favourite Sultana was said to have been seen mending her own stockings, for as the revolt had become general, the necessity of the case was urgent, and even young sweeps were in training from the younger children of respectable families; for as a title had been added by way of a douceur to the original mover of the revolt, the profession was no longer thought degrading.

It was thus that necessity first shewed the importance of an humble part of society, and pointed out a remedy, by putting them upon a more equal footing with the more wealthy and exalted; and the mutual compact was cemented; the Sultan gave a grand hunt on the occasion, and a tolerable Cook being obtained, a good fire and a clean chimney ensured him his favourite meal, and the day went off without the loss of a single life, except that of a boar, which they brought home in triumph.

WOODEN TOYS.

Our readers have doubtless often remarked German peasants in the streets with

figures of animals for sale, carved in wood in a very superior manner; and they must also frequently have noticed similar figures in the windows of toy-shops. They are probably ignorant that all these figures are the work of the inhabitants of the Valley of Gröden, in the Tyrol. This little valley contains, on a surface of scarcely a German square mile (about 25 English square miles,) 3,500 inhabitants, who are celebrated for their carvings in wood. But little more than thirty years ago, scarcely forty persons followed this occupation; at present, the number is above three hundred, and above a hundred young men, from eighteen to thirty years of age, are constantly trading with these goods in foreign parts. This trade has hitherto been carried on exclusively by natives of this valley, in all the states of Europe, and has even extended to North America. Forty years ago, Peter Wallponer settled in Mexico; but in the last fifteen years some young men from Gröden went with their carved wares to Philadelphia, New York, and Charlestown, in North America. This work is chiefly executed in the long winter evenings, when they have nothing to do in the fields; and yet above two hundred and sixty chests on an average are sent abroad every year, of the value of 150 florins per chest, without reckoning what the itinerant dealers carry with them. It is estimated that Gröden alone receives from foreign countries 54,000 florins per ann. for these articles. The women of this valley are remarkable for their skill in making lace, which is also a great article of trade. The French government has lately given permission for all such articles carved in wood to pass through France without paying import or export duty, if they are imported by Strasbourg, and exported from a sea-port, as Calais, or Havre, to England or America; or to Spain, by way of Bayonne, or a sea-port.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN PALMER, ESQ.

It is the part of the historian to detail the fall and rise of empires, the intrigues of cabinets, the ravages of armies, the ambition of conquerors, the instability and violence of the multitude. This, though an useful, can hardly be said to be a grateful task; but he who singles out an individual exerting the whole energies of his mind in the public service, and holds him up to the admiring world as an object of imitation and example, cannot be considered as having misapplied his time or prostituted his talents. And we hesitate not to say, that the plans of Mr. Palmer to increase the revenue, and at the same time to benefit the commercial world by a rapid intelligence of what is passing in the most remote parts of our island, cannot fail to perpetuate his name while the commerce of the country or the country itself has existence.

Mr. John Palmer was born in Bath,

where his father carried on the business of a brewer; his mother was descended from the Longs, one of the oldest and most respectable families of that city. He was sent, while very young, to an academy at Coleme, a few miles from Bath, then kept by the Rev. Mr. Needham, where he distinguished himself by his quickness and aptness to learn. He passed rapidly through the principal classes of the school, and about that time his father was persuaded by a clerical relation of the same name, resident in Marlborough, to place him in the grammar school of that town, there being annexed to it some valuable scholarships and exhibitions, introductory to Oxford and Cambridge; and it was presumed this would give him the chance of being preferred to one of them, as well as put him in training for the church.

Young Palmer, however, had predetermined in favour of the army, and after some contention betwixt the surplice and the sword, it became a drawn battle, and he was reluctantly compelled, at scarcely fourteen years of age, to leave school, and submit to the drudgery of mercantile pursuits. Still, however, he repeated his solicitations for a commission in the army, and became very negligent of business, which occasioned frequent altercations with his father. One day, after a violent dispute on the martial theme, young Palmer suddenly came to a resolution of levelling all impediments. To effect this, he bought a jacket and trowsers, and went into the brewery and worked in the most laborious and servile parts of that business, and indeed in every part of it, for nearly a year, associating all that time only with the servants, labouring and faring precisely as if he had been one of them, and detaching himself entirely from the family. This magnanimous resolution at length gave way, but not before his health had been so materially injured, that it became necessary to call in medical aid. Youth and time, however, those excellent physicians, brought him back to health of body, and to calmer feelings and reflection of mind. He returned to books and to study, and had half persuaded himself to enter the church, when renovated health and renewed spirits sounded the drum again in his ears, and silenced all suggestions which pointed to the gown and cassock.

Mr. Palmer senior about this time had been induced, with nine other inhabitants of the city of Bath, to erect a new and elegant theatre, upon the assurance of the proprietors of an existing wretched substitute for one, to appropriate the old building to some other purpose as soon as the new house should be completed. But no sooner was the new building finished, than the proprietors of the old broke their faith, enlarged and fitted up the original play-barn, for it was little better, and in consequence of this unfair dealing, an expensive opposition was carried on for several years, to the loss of both parties. Mr. Palmer finding that his coadjutors became tired of the theatrical speculation, purchased their

shares, and thus, as sole proprietor, fought out the battle stoutly, and compelled his adversary at last to withdraw his opposition. The great increase of the city of Bath had rendered theatrical property more valuable, a larger capital was invested in it, and an endeavour was made to protect that property by law. But from an Act of Parliament then in force against the public exhibition of dramatic performances, limiting the prerogative of the crown to the granting any further patents or licences beyond those already in existence for Covent Garden and Drury Lane, some considerable difficulty was experienced. Accordingly a petition was presented to Parliament from Mr. Palmer's father, which was warmly supported by the magistrates of the city. Young Palmer was deputed to solicit this novel and difficult act of legislature, and after considerable opposition, he succeeded in obtaining not only the protection sought, but also His Majesty's patent. Mr. Palmer now employed a considerable portion of his time in the concerns of the theatre, and acquired a very correct taste in matters relating to the drama; he regularly took a survey of most of the companies in the kingdom, and had constantly by him a list of such persons of promise as stood forward as candidates for theatrical fame. Dimond, Henderson, Edwin, and Mrs. Siddons, with many other performers of the highest order, first evinced their genius under his fostering auspices. Mr. Palmer had no less success in his solicitations for a patent to the Bristol theatre, which was soon after united to that of Bath. At this period of his theatrical success, perhaps few men, in point of personal ability and energy of mind, could surpass Mr. Palmer. It is well known to have been a common practice with him, either by relays of horses (of his own, or post, to ride from Bath to London in a day, and not unfrequently to dinner, and in the same rapid manner to measure different parts of the kingdom, on concerns of others as well as his own. But out of these comparatively unimportant motives of travel, sprung the first ideas of that noble object, which was afterwards to be of so much consequence to the riches and commerce of his country—the invention of the Mail-coach system. Mr. Palmer, notwithstanding these various calls upon his time and attention, devoted himself much to mercantile concerns, and projecting various improvements for benefiting his native town. He filled all the honorary offices of the city of Bath with the highest degree of credit. His mayoralty will be long remembered, as it was marked with strong features of loyalty. During this magistracy, Mr. Palmer published a letter recommending a general subscription for the service of government; the measure was adopted by ministers; and Mr. Palmer's relations, Mr. Long and sisters, paid the subscription of 3000 guineas, and Mr. Palmer, as the originator of the design, was not behind them in liberality.

It is needless for us to inform our readers of the important benefits which the nation

has derived, in a vast augmentation of the revenue, from the plan which this Gentleman suggested and carried into effect for the improvement of the Post-office establishment, an establishment upon which the national interest, and indeed the interest of the whole civilized world, materially depends, not to dwell on the convenience and happiness which it affords in the intercourse of private life. This plan was the subject many years of the anxious meditation and unceasing inquiries of the ingenious projector, who left no means untried, regardless of labour or expense, till he had fully arranged it into a practicable shape. When this important measure was submitted to government, its simplicity, clearness, and efficacy, appeared so manifest, that it was at once adopted, and to the author was properly assigned the task of carrying it into execution. It does not become us to animadvert on the difficulties which he encountered in his progress, or on the untoward circumstances which prevented him from superintending the admirable success of his plan, as long as life and health would permit; but we are persuaded that he had chiefly the welfare of the country at heart, and that whatever happened, his motives and objects were directed to that end. The subject was frequently discussed in Parliament, and while no one denied the merit and prodigious efficacy of the system introduced, the opposers of public remuneration to the extent claimed by Mr. Palmer and his friends, dwelt on the hostile conduct of the inventor when his own views were thwarted, and great irritation ensued. Indeed the stupendous results of his improvements were unquestionable, and the extraordinary good fortune of augmenting the national means by increasing the national comforts, and at the same time raising to a great pitch public and private, general and individual prosperity, is the grand feature and peculiar characteristic of this plan. Not only commercial business, but travelling in England far excels in rapidity of intercourse and personal enjoyment, any other country in the civilized world: these advantages we owe to Mr. Palmer. And when we look at the existing Post-office establishment, no doubt much indebted for its admirable construction and wonderful precision to the talents which have long been eminently known in its higher departments, we can never forget that the source of excellence originated with the Gentleman whose biography we have thus briefly sketched. The conclusive vote of Parliament for his services was 50,000*l.* and an annuity for life of 2000*l.*

In private life, it is impossible to say too much on the soundness of Mr. Palmer's understanding, and the liberality of his disposition. The frankness of his manner rendered him so agreeable a companion, that, in addition to his good sense, good humour, and general knowledge, his society was courted by the most distinguished characters in the country, and his conduct uniformly tended to render him worthy of such countenance. But the nation is indebted to Mr. Palmer,

not only for his own individual services, but for having trained two sons, who do honour to their rank and profession. Colonel Palmer, the member for Bath, has distinguished himself by his valour in the field; and the merits of Captain Palmer, of the Royal Navy, have been conspicuously shown in such professional knowledge and heroism, as render him an ornament to his country.

Mr. Palmer had been for some time in a very indifferent state of health, and had removed to Brighton for the benefit of change of air, where he expired, at a very advanced age (75) on Sunday the 16th ult. universally lamented as well for his public services as for his personal merits.

Those, indeed, who knew him longest and most intimately, speak in the most enthusiastic terms of his virtues, and in the language of the deepest affliction for his loss. That he was a man to be lamented we are certain from the characters of those who are among his chief mourners;—good men deplore only the good, and many such deplore the late John Palmer, of whose useful life it is to be hoped some more permanent memorial will be created than it has been in our power to erect.

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA.—*Amateurs and Actors.* An ingenious farce has been the latest product of this theatre. We have our old misgivings that the plot is French, though the dialogue is pointed with English allusions. The habit of smuggling from the other side of the Channel is as active in literature as in lace,—a new pattern in Paris is sure to find its way into the hands of some theatrical *Marchand de Modes* in a few days, and we have the silks and sentiment of the *Grande Nation* often by the same ship, and always before the first gloss is gone. *Amateurs and Actors* is the development of a scheme for carrying off an heiress; a simple girl, who bears in her proper person the lucky name of LOVE, and “by her smiling,” as Hamlet says, seems to think that all the magic of passion lies in the mouth. The conveyance is made in the established style: the lover sings, the lady softens; the lover sighs, and the lady submits,—a postchaise is substituted for the original vehicle of harnessed doves, and the *Paphos* is a playhouse. Less adherence to the French might have given this portion of the plot a delightful diversity. Not a syllable is said of making love through the medium of Chancery, of filing cross bills for billets doux, declaring unalterable affection through the speeches of Counsel, and giving assurances of eternal fidelity by affidavit before the Master. Thus much has the plot been deficient in nature from its disregard of fact, and the *Lydia Languish* of the force has been cheated of the exquisite difficulties that might have been interposed by circumvallations of parchment and *chevaux de frize* of green wax. The house to which

the fair fugitive is conducted, happens to be one in which preparations for an amateur play are going forward. Harley, as *Bustle*, is the manager; Pearman, as *Dulcet*, is Miss Love's lover, and the principal private singer; Wrench is a strolling actor, and Mrs. Pincott a tragedy heroine. While they are in the full rage of rehearsal, the old guardian comes in. This part is performed by Bartley, and in a style by no means inferior to his general ability. He is involved in all possible calamities and confusions, till, from the tumult in the house, the sight of mingled chains and whips, bars and padlocks, the fantastic looks of the ragged reciters who flit round him, and the wild declamation that yells in his ears from every apartment, he persuades himself that he has strayed into a private madhouse. The idea does honour to his penetration, for insanity seems to be the spirit of the place. However, the tumult subsides when its purposes are done. The lovers return married, and the piece concludes with a song. There is a good deal of immediate allusion to the Drury Lane theatre in the course of the dialogue between the manager and the stroller. Harley commemorates “a man who stands behind the curtain, and beats out of time with the band.” Wrench fills up the portrait, by describing him as “a Member of Parliament, and a great economist, who proposes to dismiss the orchestra, and supply its place with a barrel organ.” All this is of course understood without giving the name of Peter Moore, Esq. and M.P. the incubus of the deceased theatre; which is now again to be convulsed into a brief and unnatural life by the galvanism of low prices. We give Mr. Peake, the successful author, a bon mot for his next satire on self-sufficient managerism. “What induces this Peter Moore to bemoir himself in theatres? I never heard that he had any kind of genius.” “Yes,” was the reply, “much, an evil genius.” The fragments of songs given by Pearman are pretty, and prettily sung, and Harley's mimicry of Matthews is the pleasantest mockery imaginable. Matthews is delivered over to laughter, as a criminal is surrendered to the surgeons, at once as a lesson to future offenders, and as an anatomy of a grotesque subject. “Here, gentlemen, is the perpendicular mouth, here the oblique eye, here the shuffling gait, here the distorted spine, here the whole culprit in his whole absurdity.”

FOREIGN DRAMA.

There has lately been little of activity in the Parisian Drama: several novelties have been produced, it is true, but very few with that distinguished success which would recommend them to our detailed notice.

Zirphile et Fleur de Myrte, on *Cent Ans en un Jour*, an Opera by Messieurs de Jouy and Catel, is a sort of fairy tale, with sweet music, which has been performed frequently during the last six weeks at the Academie Royale de Musique. The energy

of Madame Branchu, the ravishing tones of Madame Albert, the fine voice of Derevis, the skill of Lecompte, the excellent adaptation of the ballets, and the magnificence of the spectacle (says a Parisian critic) will ensure it a long existence.

M. Sans Souci, or the Painter in Prison, has been produced at the Variétés. *M. Sans Souci*, a young artist of talent and spirit, generally spends three quarters of the year in prison for debt. Even this confinement has charms for him, or he at least makes a virtue of necessity, as the following air testifies:—

Je ne connais pas d'homme au monde
Plus fortuné qu'un prisonnier.
En Prison pour lui tout abonde;
Qui de nous pourrait le nier?
Sans aucun soins
Pour ses besoins,
Il peut dormir la grasse matinée;
Il peut chanter
Il peut rester
A table enfoncé pendant une journée.
Qu'importe, s'il perd l'équilibre?
Qu'importe, s'il perd la raison?
On n'en voit rien: c'est en prison
Que l'on est vraiment libre?

Sans Souci has an amour with the Gao-ler's daughter, who is intended by her father for another, whom the Painter personates in the usual dramatic fashion. He refuses to paint the capture of a French ship for a foreigner, and this patriotic trait recommends him to the favour of fortune. The piece was not however successful.

Huguenier, ou *L'Habit de Cour*, a comic vaudeville, in one act, at the Porte St. Martin, has some pleasing songs, but little other merit to recommend it.

Theatre Royal de l'Opera Comique.—*Le Bohemien* is a revival of *La Ceinture Magique* of J. B. Rousseau, which was condemned on its first representation long ago. The music by a young composer, *M. de Chamcourtois*, has been better received than the piece, which it is likely to sustain for a short period.

Le deux Valentine at the Theatre du Vaudeville is founded on a resemblance between the two performers, Joly and Melcourt: its intrigues and quiproquos resemble those of the Comedy of Errors, and, as many of the situations are humorous, the piece was well received.

Second *Théâtre-Français* is altogether a local satire on the Paris Theatres and performers. It was entirely successful at the Variétés.

Deux Miliciens, at the same Theatre, was ill written and ill played. Its want of novelty and merit sent it to the shades.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

Revival of the *Chevalier d'Industrie*.

A comedy in five acts, and in verse, is not an every day production, and when an author succeeds, we will not say in completing it, but in getting it brought forward, it is mortifying that he should be under

the necessity of withdrawing it for a few unjust hisses. Such, however, was the situation of *M. Duval* in 1809, after the first representation of his *Chevalier d'Industrie*, which is now revived. The most striking defects of this comedy were then declared to be a total absence of gaiety, too deep a tone of satire, the extreme vulgarity of the *Chevalier d'Industrie*, which rendered the character disgusting, and finally, an episode, which being entirely unconnected with the main plot, occasioned obscurity, and retarded the action. The piece has undergone many advantageous alterations, and was more favourably received on its revival.

VARIETIES.

Scandalous Imposition.

THE MOST PROFITABLE PUBLICATION in England, notwithstanding the extensive circulation of the Scott and Byron works, of Cookery books, and Evangelical histories of dying sinners, (we beg pardon, saints,) of Newspapers and Literary periodicals—the most profitable publication in England must be—what? the *Triennial Directory*!!! The purveyors of this elegant and classical work require one shilling as an admission fee for every name and address it contains; that is to say, they demand from the individuals a payment for making perfect that which they sell at a heavy price, in consequence of its pretended fulness and accuracy! One of these modest gentlemen was last week taking his circuit at the West end of the town, and where this shilling was refused, he had the impudence to write on the card of the party refusing, “*name rejected*,”—one of which now lies before us. A more insulting confession of a rapacious spirit, determined to print a faulty Directory, unless so gross an imposition was sanctioned, never came under our cognizance, and we deem it due to the public to announce, that such is the manner in which this Publication is got up. When it is considered that the number of names may amount, at a shilling each, to from six to ten thousand pounds, and that the book is not given away, but sold at a very high rate, it will, we think, be evident that “THE TRIENNIAL DIRECTORY” is the most profitable (or imperfect) Publication in England!!

A CORRESPONDENT.

New Method of ascertaining Characters by the Hand Writing.—*Nosce te ipsum*—Know yourself, says an ancient Philosopher; but our modern Philosophers have abandoned this task for the sake of knowing other people. This, without contradiction, is the most difficult of all studies, and one which has from time immemorial formed a subject for the meditation of Physiologists. Some have hoped to gain their object by observing the features, and others by examining the protuberances of the cranium. But among these systematizers,

there is one deserving of particular notice. He declares that he can discover the temper and habits of any individual by a mere sight of his hand-writing: relying on the authority of some accidental success, he requires only to see a note to be enabled to pronounce an opinion on the character of the writer.

The father of our young Philosopher left him a considerable fortune; but, that he might devote himself entirely to his favourite study undisturbed by domestic cares, he determined to marry, and to consign the management of his property to a man of business. He could find no difficulty in fixing his choice in either of these two delicate cases: for he possessed an infallible security against being deceived. He might have married most advantageously, in point of fortune; but, contrary to all expectation, he made choice of a young lady with whom he was entirely unacquainted: but he had seen a letter addressed by her to one of his friends. He admired the beauty of the hand-writing. The regularity and delicate turning of the letters bespoke gentleness and equality of temper. She was exactly the woman to whom he wished to be united. He had never seen her, but he asked her in marriage, and obtained her hand. With regard to the Steward, his choice was determined by observing that his hand-writing was regular and well proportioned: this man, said he, must possess order and method. He immediately resigned to him the entire control of his affairs, and thus freed from all earthly troubles he gave himself wholly up to study.

But, alas! his happiness was not of long duration. At the conclusion of a year, harassed by the pettish temper of his better half, he was obliged to obtain a separation from her. It was necessary to provide a suitable settlement for his wife, but he gave himself no concern on that point, leaving it to the probity of his methodical Steward. What was his astonishment on finding that his confidence had been abused, and that the honest Steward had borrowed money on his security, mortgaged the rents of his farms, and left him on the brink of ruin. One of his friends, whose hand-writing had never inspired him with any favourable opinion, on learning this two-fold misfortune, came to offer him all the service in his power. You see, said the friend, that your system is not quite infallible, and that you have been deceived on two important points. Yes, replied our Philosopher, very coolly,—but the exceptions prove the rule.

The celebrated *M. Blumenbach* of Göttingen, has lately presented to the Society of Sciences of that city, two skulls, selected from the two opposite extremes of human nature. One is the skull of an ancient Greek, which *M. Blumenbach* received from the Prince Royal of Bavaria; the other is that of a Butocude (a savage of Brazil,) which was presented to him by Prince Maximilian, of Neuwied. These two skulls, as may well be supposed, present a most singular contrast.

Equitation and Geography.—Buffon observes, that a man's mind is seen by his style; but it may be said, with no less truth, that a man's mind is seen by the title of his works.

A book has lately made its appearance in Paris, entitled, *A Manual of Equitation and Geography*. It will naturally be asked, what is the connexion between *spurs* and *promontories*, *saddles* and *bridles* and the *four quarters of the globe*, &c. &c.? The author accounts for this combination in the following way: *With a view*, he says, *of facilitating to youth a course of instruction, equally necessary and agreeable, I have combined together two little treatises on Geography and Equitation*. This is plausible enough; but why does his Manual treat only of these two useful and agreeable sciences? Doubtless because the author knew no other, and he was anxious to contribute all he could to the instruction of the rising generation.

There is almost as much ingenuity in the title of a work published at Namur, which the *Brussels Oracle* strongly recommends to its Belgian readers. It is—*Fragmens de l'histoire de Liege et de l'homme!!*

The following accounts of both branches of the Arctic Expedition have been made public:—

“From the Northern Expedition, under Capt. Ross, letters dated the 8th July, in lat. 74, have been received. The two ships were then off a remarkable point of land, called by Baffin the Devil's Thumb; but the letters state no other particulars than that all was well, and that they were, at the moment of writing, impeded in their progress by the ice.

“The other division, under Capt. Buchan, was seen by a whaler on the 8th July, fast to the ice, in a latitude short of 80.”

Canova, the Sculptor, has lately sent three female heads of exquisite workmanship to this country. They are presents from him to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, and the Right Hon. Charles Long. He was recently at Naples, where he went to superintend the cast of the bronze horse, of which he has made the model, for the Equestrian Statue consecrated by the filial piety of the King to the memory of his august father, Charles III. The dimensions of this monument surpass those of all others of the same kind which have been raised in modern times. He is also executing a statue of Washington, for the Government of the United States.

The King of Prussia has presented the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, with a beautiful porcelain vase, in testimony of the homage and urbanity which that society paid to his Majesty while resident within their walls, during the imperial visit of 1814. The vase was manufactured at Berlin. One side of it is enriched with a miniature portrait of the illustrious donor, and on the other there is a representation of the city of Berlin.

EPIGRAM.

Mensa loquitur.

Sunt mihi crura pedesque; sed asto semper in aede;

Hoc sequare exemplum, virgo, marita, parens.

C. D.

The Austrian Government has just issued at Milan an order relative to the Press; of which the following are the principal articles:—“No book can appear without the permission of the Censure; even catalogues must be examined; a special commission must be obtained to reprint books already published in the Austrian monarchy. Dedications cannot be admitted to the Censure, unless they are provided with the authorization of the persons to whom the books are dedicated. No subject of his Majesty the Emperor and King can have a book printed in a foreign country without having submitted it to the Austrian Censure.”

The Chevalier Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, who has been frequently noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, is now occupied on a colossal bust of Gen. Maitland, Governor General of the Ionian Isles, for the Town Hall of Corfu. The Monument of Prince Poniatowski, on which he is also employed at Rome, will cost nearly 500,000 Polish florins. The voluntary subscriptions amounted to 324,641 florins.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

We have much pleasure in noticing by an advertisement in our paper of this day, the spirit with which that excellent miscellany the New Monthly Magazine proceeds; and it is but an act of justice towards the Conductors to remark, that this Miscellany has fully justified the high claims of its projectors, who announced their intention of rendering it “a Theatre for discussions on every subject that can interest the human mind; an asylum for the fugitive productions of Genius and Fancy; a Register of every Novelty in the Arts, Sciences, and Letters; in a word, a complete Record and Chronicle of the Times, equally acceptable to the Scholar and the Philosopher, to the man of leisure and the man of business.”

The sound principles on which this Magazine was established have done much towards its success, by inducing men of the first eminence to enrich its pages with their communications. The high literary character thus acquired, combined with its orthodox sentiments on Politics, Morals and Religion, recommend it strongly to the favourable notice of every friend to literature, and every lover of his country, more especially at a period when so many periodical works of the day are mere vehicles of slander, impiety, and disaffection. To friends and relations abroad we know of no publication that can prove so acceptable, and doubt not that the commencement of a new Volume will induce many persons to become

subscribers to a miscellany at once so cheap and valuable.

Amongst the English travellers in Italy who are occupied in illustrating the ancient remains of that wonderful country, Mr. Henry Wilkins, brother to the gentleman so well known by his celebrated work on *Magna Grecia*, has been for some time preparing a general view of the present state of Pompeii, its ruins, excavations, &c.—This work will comprise thirty-two engravings on a large scale, a ground-plan of the city, exact representation of all the recent discoveries up to February 1818, together with a description of the most leading and interesting objects.

The Mayor of a Commune of La Vendée has in his possession a great number of letters and other manuscripts of Voltaire, which he obtained from Thiriot, one of the most active correspondents of the philosopher of Ferney. Among these manuscripts is one of a very curious nature; it is a poetical dedication of the *Henriade*, addressed to Louis XV. M. François de Neufchateau has announced to the French Academy, that he hopes to procure this important manuscript, and in that case it was to have been read at the Sitting of the 25th, the day appointed for the inauguration of the Statue of Henry IV.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST.

Thursday, 27.—Thermometer from 55 to 65.

Barometer from 30, 04 to 29, 90.

Wind S.W. 1.—General cloud; raining most of the afternoon.

Friday, 28.—Thermometer from 57 to 70.

Barometer from 29, 86 to 30, 00.

Wind W.S. and W. 2.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day rather clearer.

Rain fallen, 05 of an inch.

Saturday, 29.—Thermometer from 47 to 76.

Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 16.

Wind S.W. and W. 4.—Generally clear.

Sunday, 30.—Thermometer from 54 to 71.

Barometer from 30, 06 to 30, 11.

Wind S.W. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Monday, 31.—Thermometer from 37 to 71.

Barometer from 30, 17 to 30, 06.

Wind S. and S.E. 4.—Clear.

SEPTEMBER.

Tuesday, 1.—Thermometer from 45 to 74.

Barometer from 29, 78 to 29, 76.

Wind S.E. and S.W. 2.—Generally cloudy.

Wednesday, 2.—Thermometer from 48 to 70.

Barometer from 29, 90 to 30, 09.

Wind S.W. 4.—Generally clear.

To those that have Telescopes, Saturn is now a fine object in the South East about eight in the evening, and passes the meridian about midnight. On Thursday, September 10th, at 9 hours 9 minutes 18 seconds, clock time, the second Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

John's Kite wants a tale; we cannot furnish paper to fly it.

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 An' faith he'll prent it.

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